

Happy Birthday, Astrid

by rivaillefrost

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Stormfly, Toothless

Pairings: Hiccup/Astrid

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-09-13 19:18:57

Updated: 2014-09-13 19:18:57

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:02:20

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 953

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Today, I learned something new." It's Astrid's birthday and Hiccup brought her to an island he recently discovered as a date and to celebrate. Post-httyd2 Hiccstrid drabble.

Happy Birthday, Astrid

Okay. So. Last week was my birthday. And, in honor of my 15th year of existence, here is a Hiccstrid drabble. It's about Astrid's birthday, since Astrid was my first ever muse in roleplaying.

Enjoy!

P.S. I suck at everything I do, it's 1am and I'm hella sleepy so I apologize in advance for any mistakes or grammatical errors and such. I'll check and edit them soon. I'm also sorry if it's kinda ooc, and if things happen fast. But whatevs, this is a drabble haha. But for now, here you go. Ok.

P.P.S. Yes, this is set after the events of httyd2.

* * *

><p>{ Hiccup's P.O.V.** }

Today, I learned something new.

I learned that Astrid loved flowers.

This morning, I took her to the latest island I discovered. It was the most beautiful I'd ever been to, and I wanted to share it with the one I love. On her birthday.

"Happy birthday, milady," I greeted with a grin when we met by the Great Hall. Once again, she managed to catch me off guard with her

stunning smile. Her dreamy, gorgeous, blue eyes. Were her eyes always that tantalizing? I will never know. I don't think those eyes will ever stop making me melt.

"I have a surprise for you," I sung while we walked to our dragons. She glanced at me and smirked. I wanted to keep that smirk there, so before she had the chance to reply, I held a hand up. "Don't ask. I won't tell you."

The trip to the island was basically a chorus of teasing and laughter. She teased me for being unusually romantic. I let her. She laughed. So did I. I adored her laughter - such sweet music to my ears. I'd do anything to keep her this happy.

Once we were on the island and settled, I asked her, "So what should we name this?"

"Are you serious?" she said. She was half-smiling and fully blushing. It was entirely cute.

"What?"

She shook her head and giggled. Actually giggled! It was one of those rare giggles of hers! "Nothing," Astrid replied.

I ran a hand through my hair and felt the braid she did almost a month ago. It felt nice - really really nice - to stay here with her. With Toothless and Stormfly. With that thought, I glanced at the side to see the dragons who were already asleep. It was a long ride, after all.

I looked back to Astrid and caught her admiring the bed of flowers a few feet beside our spot. I looked at the flowers, too, and an idea came up.

I made a crown out of the wild flowers and gave it to Astrid. She wore it. She looked absolutely amazing. When she rolled her eyes, I realized that I actually said the thought out loud. I don't regret it.

We spent the rest of the day there.

It was already dark when we decided to go back to Berk. We flew higher than we usually do to catch the Northern Lights and lingered for a while. A few miles away from home, and I heard Stormfly's spikes pierce through something.

It was a horrible sound. I knew I shouldn't have looked back. Because I knew it wouldn't be something I'd like to see. I shouldn't have looked behind me.

But I did.

And wished for it all to be fake.

Because what I saw was something that will never be erased from my mind.

I've never been judgemental of colors. I thought they were all beautiful. Blue, green, purple, red. They were all pretty. And I've

always known that crimson was a gorgeous shade. But Astrid's blood was the most enchanting color my eyes have ever laid upon. Especially when it was spreading all over her body.

There, in the air, impaled by one of Stormfly's spikes, was the love of my life. Her eyes pleading for help, reflecting such pain.

We were flying too fast when Stormfly, without a warning, suddenly stopped. And inertia did its job. That's when Toothless and I stopped. That's when I heard the sound.

We both knew there was no way of saving her, especially when we were stuck in the air - in the middle of nowhere. But I didn't wanna believe it.

"Hiccup," she whispered, her voice hoarse. She tried to say something else, but when she did, she started coughing out blood. It all happened too fast. I didn't know what to do. My heart was jumping out of my chest, a lump was forming in my throat, and I couldn't breathe. All I could think of was _why_.

"No, no, no, shh..."

"Hiccup, I-"

"Shh, no. Don't. Please..." Maybe Toothless flew closer to Astrid because when I held my hand out, it was within her reach and she took it. I kissed her hand. It was cold.

I still don't know why Stormfly suddenly stopped, but they were still in midair. I don't know what, but Astrid mouthed something. I almost said what, but her eyes slowly closed. Then I couldn't hear her breathing anymore.

I must be crying because I couldn't see anything clearly. Anything but crimson. I held her wrist. Didn't feel any pulse. And I didn't know what happened next.

I didn't know what to do.

In that moment, I felt like I didn't know anything anymore. Except for one thing - one thing that I learned today.

I knew that Astrid loved flowers.

End
file.